THE WEATHER BEATEN *SOLDIER.*

IN FOUR PARTS.

The Weather-beaten Soldier.

HERE you may ſee a turn of fate,
From woe to joy, from grief to great,
A Mark of Fortune's ſpecial love,
Who did a Soldier's grief remove.
One who in former days of old,
Had trudg'd through weather hot and cold
'Till he was poor and pitileſs,
You would have laugh'd to ſeen his dreſs

His ſhoes with trudging up and down,
No ſoles had they, his hat no crown'
His coat no ſleeves, his ſhirt the ſame,
And by his ſide a ſword of fame.

Without a ſcabbard good or bad,
Nor was there any to be had;
His coat and breeches would not come
In depth, to cover half his bum.

Now being weary of his trade,
One day he to his captain ſaid,
I pray give me a free diſcharge,
That I my fortune may enlarge.

I am perſuaded, I ſhall be,
A Burgo-maſter, ſir, ſaid he,
Of *Venice*, if you'll let me go;
His captain, laughing, anſwer'd no.

With you, ſaid he, I will not part;
Then thought the ſoldier, I'll deſert
My colours, let what will befall;
So of he went for good and all.

Now as he marched with all his might,
A coachman driving of his knight,
Upon the road by chance he found,
And aſked to borrow full five pound.

At this the knight laugh'd out amain,
Saying, When will you pay it me again;
He anſwered, Sir, you ſhall be paid
When I am Burgo-maſter made
Of *Venice*, which may be my lot;
The noble knight away he got;

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 48

But laugh'd to see him in that trim,
And yet the coachman lent to him.
This being done, away he went
To *Venice*, where some time he spent,
To view the palace rich and gay,
Then to the burgher took his way.
Who kept a house to entertain
All kinds of guests, and call'd amain
For wine and other liquors free,
Tho' in a ragged garb was he.

PART II.

THIS soldier was a jovial blade.
And while he there in pleasure stay'd
Behold a 'squire living near,
Courted the burgher's daughter dear.
Now as he kept her company,
One day the soldier sitting by,
As if asleep he over-heard
Their private talk as it appear'd
Part of their private talk was this,
My dear, my love, the charming bliss
Let me enjoy this very night;
The lady told him that he might.
If he would to her chamber creep,
When all the household were asleep,
About the hour of twelve o' clock,
She freely would the door unlock
The soldier heard the full design,
Thought he, the pleasure shall be mine

And thereupon he went before,
To the young lady's chamber door.
He knockt, and ſtraight ſhe let him in,
The pleaſant game did ſoon begin;
And e'er an hour's time had paſt,
Her love, the 'ſquire came at laſt.
He knock'd, with that the lady cry'd,
(The ſoldier lying by her ſide,)
It is that ragged fellow ſure,
Who ſeemed as if he ſlept ſecure.
He heard us, and is come to have,
That pleaſure which thy lord did crave;
But 'tis in vain, for I'll ariſe,
And with the piſs-pot blind his eyes.
Accordingly in woful caſe.
She threw it at the 'Squire's face,
Who went away, and nothing ſaid,
Suppoſing that it was the maid.
She laughed at the pleaſant jeſt,
And gave him then amongſt the reſt,
A diamond ring with kiſſes ſweet,
But did not underſtand the cheat.
Then he aroſe and went his way,
Behold on the ſucceeding day,
Upon his hand the ring ſhe ſpy'd,
Pray where had you the ſame, ſhe cry'd,
He anſwer'd her, and thus he ſaid,
Pray be not in the leaſt diſmay'd,

For you was loving, kind, and free,
Laſt night in bed and gave it me.
O bleſs me! did I lie with you,
Since it is ſo, I pray be true,
And do not let the ſame be told,
So ſhall you never want for gold.
He vow'd he would conceal the ſame,
Soon after this the 'Squire came,
Saying, why was you ſo unkind,
The piſs-pot made me almoſt blind.
The youthful damſel anſwered thus,
'Twere good enough had it been worſe,
Becauſe you ſought to ruin me
Of honour and my chaſtity.

PART III.

Behold, her wealthy father he;
Sent four ſtout mighty ſhips to ſea,
Laden with wealthy merchandize,
Rich ſilks, and other wares likewiſe.
They had been gone full ſeven year,
No tale nor tidings could he hear
Of them, at length he gave them o'er,
And never thought to ſee them more.
At length there was a letter brought,
The ſhips were ſafe with riches fraught,
Near to the borders of the land,
The news came to his daughter's hand.
Then having view'd and read the ſame
He to the ragged ſoldier came;

Saying, my dear, be true to me,
And I will be a friend to thee.
My father thinks four ſhips are loſt,
Which now are on the Venice coaſt,
And ere he does the tiding hear,
Go buy his right in them my dear.
And when thou haſt that bargain bought,
Of four large ſhips ſo richly fraught,
Be what it will, of me you ſhall
Have gold enough to pay for all.
Then on her father did he wait,
And ſtruck a bargain with him ſtraight,
For the four ſhips, four hundred pound,
Whether the ſame be loſt or found.
No ſooner was the writing made,
And that ſmall ſum of money paid;
But ſtraight he heard the ſhips were come,
Their burthen was a mighty ſum.
Then did the Burgo maſter fret,
That he with ſuch a loſs had met;
But ſince it could no better be,
He with the ſoldier did agree,
To take his daughter for a bride,
With all my heart he then reply'd,
So out of hand they married were,
The ſoldier and the lady fair.
No ſooner were they man and wife,
But ſtraight her father left this life;
And when he in the grave was laid,
His ſon was Burgo maſter made,

WHILE he was Burgo-maſter there,
His former captain did repair,
Unto his houſe by chance to dine,
With other brave commanders fine.
The Burgo-maſter ſeeing that,
He ſtraight put on his crowniefs hat,
With all his other ragged cloathes,
And ſo into the room he goes.
The captain then begins to ſwear,
Lieutenant ſee, pray ſee who's there;
My ragged Burgo-maſter who,
In private from his colours flew.
Then from the preſence of his gueſt,
He ſlipt away and himſelf dreſt
In ſumptuous robes, and golden chain,
And then returned to them again.
The captain ſaid, right worthy ſir,
Here is a fooliſh ragged cur,
Endued with neither wit nor ſenſe,
I'll hang him ere I go from hence.
He from his colours did deſert,
The burgher ſaid, be not ſo tart,
In preſence of theſe gentlemen,
Write his diſcharge, here's guineas ten.
He writ the ſame, and took the gold,
The Burgo-maſter ſaid behold!
I am the man, and now, alas!
What once I ſaid, is come to paſs.
This done within a month or leſs,
The knight whom once he did addreſs,

To lend him five pounds on the road,
Came here to take up his abede.
The Burgo-master as before,
Put on his robes both rent and tore,
That so the knight might know him strait,
As he did on his worship wait.
He to his coachman turn'd him round,
There's he that owes you five pound;
When do you think the same to get,
He's not a Burgo-master yet.
The coachman said, sir, as I live,
I freely do the debt forgive;
Because I to my sorrow see,
He still remains in poverty.
For some short time he went away,
And drest himself in rich array,
With feathers full of sweet perfume,
And so return'd into the room.
Having discours'd with them awhile,
He told the coachman with a smile,
He helped him in time of need,
And now he'd recompense the deed.
He gave him strait 5 thousand pound,
And eke a match for him he found.
A sweet young lady fair and clear,
Daughter to a renowned peer.
Thus he that once was mean and poor
At length enjoys a happy store;
While fortune she was pleased to send,
And he prov'd grateful to his friend.